

50 Shades of Hiccup

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Valka

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-08-10 09:24:33

Updated: 2014-08-13 05:05:16

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:28:41

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 9,867

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When Hiccup nearly loses Astrid, he can't help but blame himself. If he had only been there, he could have protected her. It would take time for Astrid's body to heal, but for Hiccup, the healing process would take even longer, and affect him in ways no one could have predicted. He becomes possessive and protective. Will she be able to heal his heart? *HTTYD 2 spoilers*

1. Chapter 1

**a/n: My second fanfic- woot! I was going to write it all out before posting, but I couldn't wait. This is really more HTTYD, just in the style of 50 shades. First chapter is more of a back story, since a possessive Hiccup is OOC. I don't predict this going beyond a few chapters. Feel free to leave reviews. :) I'm really working to improve my writing so constructive criticism is welcomed and appreciated. **

**Set after HTTYD 2, and after my first fanfic unoriginally titled "Hiccstrid Fluff: Hiccup the Chaste". You don't need to read that though to be able to read this. **

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><p>50 Shades of Hiccup<p>

Chapter 1: A nearly crushing blow

He was a wreck of emotions. As far as catastrophes go, this definitely topped his list. As Chief of Berk, he should have never let this happen. He should have been on top of his game. He felt like he had let down the whole village. As husband to Astrid, he should have been there to protect her, but where was he?

Where was he?

Now Astrid lay in their bed, bandaged, bruised, _broken_. He should have known that her latest project was a bad idea, but Astrid had convinced him otherwise. _It will be fine_, she had said. She wanted something to call her own. So, he had stepped back, no matter how crazy he thought the idea was. She had stood by him for all his crazy, stupid, and sometimes dangerous ideas, so he wanted to return the favor.

He should have stopped her.

He forgot how easy he made it look. But everyone forgets how much time he spends training. Jumping off Toothless with his dragon wing suit and flying through the air was such a mind blowing experience, but it's also dangerous and reckless. She was convinced she could do something magical in the air using his dragon wing idea. She had gushed through the details to her oldest class of dragon trainers at the academy and they were hooked in an instant, hanging on her every word. Dragon air acrobatics she had called it.

Why didn't he stop her?

They had practiced and trained for weeks. Hiccup had tirelessly made 10 more of his patented dragon wing suits, perfectly custom made for Astrid and her 9 students. He'd watched them with Toothless, staying ever vigilant as they first started experimenting with what they could do up in the air. It really was spectacular. They managed to arrange their dragons into a circle in the sky, jump in unison, and pull off some amazing midair acrobatics with tumbles and twists, and pull out their wings at the same time, soaring together in a V formation until their dragons flew to catch them. It was amazing, just like Astrid.

He should never have stopped watching.

It was the last practice before the official performance, and the first time they were practicing over land, using a different island to maintain the element of surprise. They had been practicing over the ocean before. If something went wrong, hitting the water was less deadly than rock or mountain. But they needed to practice over land to prepare for their show to the village. It was the one practice that Hiccup couldn't oversee because of other pressing matters within the village. Astrid had convinced him it would be fine, pointing out that nothing had gone wrong yet.

_Yet. _

He only caught the tail end of the disaster. Something had gone wrong. Horribly wrong. When Astrid let out her wings, she pulled a little too hard and the stitching came undone. Instead of floating gracefully alongside her students, she nearly free fell to her death. Her students had tried to save her, nearly all of them getting hurt in the process. If it hadn't been for Stormfly just barely breaking her fall, that would have been the end.

Hiccup couldn't even let himself think of that possibility.

The village morale was shaken to an all-time low. 9 students whose parents had trusted their safety with him and with Astrid now had scared and visibly shaken kids. Most of them only had bumps or bruises, but a few ended up with broken arms, and one student's foot

was crushed so bad, he may end up losing it. Everyone was looking to him for answers, and there was only one possible explanation he could reach into the recesses of his mind to produce to the people of Berk; he had failed. He failed as a chief, as the head of the academy, and most of all, as a husband to Astrid. He had sworn to protect her. If he had just been there, Toothless could have caught her. The other students wouldn't have had to try to save her, and they would have been fine. He wasn't mad at Astrid for her idea. She had taken all safety steps and precautions to the best of her ability.

He had made the dragon wing suits, after all.

To his surprise the village didn't seem to begrudge him too much on this slip up. He was often surprised by how forgiving they could be when he stumbled here and there with his decisions as chief. They knew he was learning. They also trusted him as he had saved their village not once, but twice, with his trusted dragon ally Toothless. But Hiccup was always hardest on himself. Normally Astrid would be here to tell him he was overreacting, or that he did the best he could. She would always tell him that his failures were just learning experiences, and every time he stumbled, he would learn and adapt, and become better. Her smoothing sweet voice would always reassure him.

But she couldn't reassure him, now.

They weren't sure if Astrid would ever wake up. She had suffered a pretty good blow to the head, and broken a few ribs. He sat by her bedside every day, praying to the Gods she would wake up. They had been married for so little time. He knew if anything happened to her, he would be alone for the rest of his life because no one would ever be able to take her place in his heart.

Fortunately, his right hand men, Snotlout, Fishlegs, and Tuffnut had offered to help in some of the chieftain duties, and surprisingly weren't doing too bad. Valka and Ruffnut helped around the village with some of Astrid's duties as well. Times like this Hiccup realized just how much support and respect he had for his friends. They came to him with anything they couldn't handle, but for the most part, he only left Astrid's side to visit the other hurt teens in the village, bringing their families small tokens of sympathy such as mead or smoked salmon for dinner.

_Oh please, let Astrid wake up. _

Finally, after a full moon had passed, Hiccup's prayers to Thor were answered. Astrid woke up. As difficult as it was for Astrid to heal, the healing process for Hiccup would take longer, and would affect him in ways no one could have predicted.

* * *

><p>It was mid-morning. Hiccup had just come back from his morning ride with Toothless, the one thing he left himself do to break from his vigilant watch over his wife. Valka was glad to sit with Astrid during Hiccup's ride. She saw how much he blamed himself and how hard he was taking the accident, she hoped his morning rides would help him keep a hint of his sanity. Sitting here all day watching someone you love unconscious and hurting was emotionally draining.<p>

Hiccup walked into the room, holding his riding helmet in his hands. "Any change, mom?" He looked somewhat hopeful, but after a few weeks of no change, he wasn't particularly expecting to hear anything different.

It broke Valka's heart to see her son hurting. She stood to face him and brought her hand up to his freckled face, cupping his cheek tenderly, taking her other hand in his. "None in the last few hours, no." She admitted, "But Gothi doesn't think it should be too much longer."

"Thanks, Mom." Hiccup yawned tiredly, the stress evident on his face. "Again, I'm really glad you're here." He smiled weakly at her.

She gave her son's hand a tight squeeze and kissed him on the forehead. "You should try to get some rest, Hiccup. You look like you haven't slept since the accident!" The bags under his eyes and pale complexion gave him away and Hiccup could only shrug. Valka nodded a silent goodbye to her son and slowly proceeded to let herself out as Hiccup sat slowly onto the bed next to Astrid. He swept his hand across her forehead to remove her bangs from her face, before laying his head lightly on her stomach, careful of her broken ribs. He barely heard Valka as she offered further assistance if he needed her before softly closing the door behind her.

Today was different however. After Hiccup unknowingly fell asleep laying his head on Astrid's stomach, her eyes fluttered open. It took her a few moments to adjust once her eyes were able to focus. She was aware of a throbbing in her head, and something heavy pinning her down. She realized she was home and began to try to move, but a sharp pain in her ribs caused her to cry out in surprise, waking Hiccup up instantly. She felt the weight of his head lift off her stomach, relieving her of the sensation of feeling trapped.

"Astrid, oh Astrid!" Hiccup cried, grabbing her hand and sitting up beside her, "You're finally awake!" His initial reaction of excitement quickly faded and his eyes grew concerned, "How are you feeling? Do you need anything? Should I get Gothi? Do you need water? How about a bite to eat? Are you hurting anywhere?"

Astrid didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She didn't know what happened, but Hiccup's slew of questions bombarding her was both endearing and overwhelming. She blinked her eyes a few times to try to focus on him. He had jumped up and was walking nervously in 10 different directions, walking like he had a purpose but just wasn't sure what that purpose might be. Astrid began to laugh a little at his antics but the sharp pain it caused in her chest quickly stopped her.

"Hiccup," Her strained voice surprised her and it caused her to cough, which also caused another sweep of pain through her chest. She clutched at her ribs with her hands, sucking in a deep, painful breath, "justâ€¦ waitâ€¦ settle down a minuteâ€¦ what, what happened?"

"Oh Astrid, it was terrible. I thought for sure I had lost you." Hiccup said, finally settling on bringing her a flask of water and sitting beside her. "Can you sit up to take a drink, do you think?"

Astrid slowly and painfully raised herself up onto her elbows. Hiccup tenderly slid one arm behind her back for support, and used his other hand to carefully hold the cool flask up to her lips, and tipped it back slowly to let the water flow steadily into her mouth, quenching her thirst. She tried to help support herself on one elbow, using her other arm to help Hiccup with the flask. She drank thirstily, like she hadn't drank in a month. The water felt wonderful on her throat.

"It was the flight suit." Hiccup said, looking away from her ashamed. "The stitching came loose when you jumped during the last practice. Stormfly saved you at the last minute, but it was just a little too late, you had fallen too far and still ended up suffering some injuries."

"Is Stormfly ok?" Astrid asked, suddenly feeling worried about her dragon friend. If she had fallen that hard, Stormfly may have gotten hurt in the process.

"She's ok. She came out with a few bumps and bruises of her own, but she'll pull through." Hiccup answered her. Astrid let out a sigh of relief.

"What about the kids?" She asked, feeling strong enough to take the flask out of Hiccup's hand to continue drinking. She couldn't remember a time when she had felt thirstier. Hiccup drew his now empty hand up to the back of his neck, rubbing the back of his hairline nervously while wincing. He wasn't sure if now was the time to tell her, or if he should wait until she regained some of her strength.

"Hiccup, what about the students! Did something happen to them too?" Astrid put down the flask in panic, suddenly feeling dread in the pit of her stomach. Hiccup only looked away, like he was fighting with himself on what to tell her. "By Thor's Hammer, Hiccup! Please, tell me!"

Hiccup looked at her, concern stitched into his eyebrows. "I just don't want to upset you, Astrid." He began nervously, "You just woke up. I know, I know you are in a lot of pain. I don't want to overwhelm you"

"Hiccup Horrendous Haddock! You tell me right this minute or I swear to Gods!" A sudden sharp pain in her ribs warned her to calm down, by Odin's Ghost, her ribs were hurting. She grasped her ribs and slowly laid back on her other elbow. Her icy blue eyes wide and locked with Hiccup's warm green eyes, pleading with him for the information. Her mind was racing with every worst case scenario that could have possibly happened.

"Honestly, Astrid, it's not terrible. But, it's not great, either," he began, wincing at Astrid's look of shock at the latter statement. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her more. "But if you insist on knowing at this very moment" He paused, taking a deep breath.

"For Gods' sakes, Hiccup! Out with it!" Astrid pleaded, wincing with pain.

Hiccup let out his breath, resigned. "Freydis, Gunnhild, Turid, Knut,

and Snorre are fine. A few bumps and bruises, a little mentally shaken, but fine." She let out a sigh of relief, but braced herself for the rest. "Ulf, Gustav, and Vigdis all suffered from broken bones. Ulf had a broken wrist, the other two broke an arm."

"What about Inge?"

Hiccup winced, but the look on Astrid's face warned him not to stall any longer. "His foot was crushed when he tried to save you, he landed right on it. Valka and Gothi couldn't save it. He lost it."

Astrid's hand came up to her mouth as she gasped.

"Don't worry, Astrid." Hiccup tried to soothe her. "He is already trying to get me to make him a peg leg like mine, he doesn't seem to mind too much. I mean, we are Vikingsâ€ missing limbs are a bit of an occupational hazard." Hiccup joked, trying to lighten the mood for Astrid and motioned to his own peg leg.

"Hiccup?" Astrid said, laying her head back down on her pillow, suddenly feeling incredibly tired.

"Anything, Milady? Answered Hiccup in earnest, readying himself for whatever request she might have.

"I need to rest my eyes for a bit." She said, the pain overcoming her. "Would you lay here with me until I fall asleep?"

"For you, my Astridâ€ anything." Hiccup took off his boot and peg leg before swinging his legs up into the bed, sliding his arm under Astrid's neck as she snuggled into his shoulder. For the first time in a month, Hiccup closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep, never loosening his grip on Astrid.

2. Chapter 2: My Astrid

Chapter 2: My Astrid

Hiccup blinked open his eyes, mildly aware that something was different. Astrid was sleeping heavily in his arms, but unlike the sleep of unconsciousness he had become accustomed to, it was just the hard sleep of someone who was incredibly tired and healing. She was curled up next to him, snuggled into his arms. He knew it had been morning when he had laid down with her at her request. The shadows being cast from the window suggested to him that it was early evening.

Astrid had awakened!

He squeezed her tightly and swept her bangs away from her forehead so he could give her a gentle kiss, before slowly slipping away to let her sleep. He needed to get his mother and Gothi, to let them know. He wanted with every ounce of his soul to simply stay here with her. The thought of her waking up alone had been his primary motivation to keep his constant eye on her, and it was still a concern now. Still, he would at least be expected at the Great Hall for the evening meal. He could also announce that she had awoken, which would make the Vikings of Berk happy.

Before leaving, he refilled the flask of water and set it on the bedside table next to her. His eyes swept her up and down one last time before he begrudgingly tore himself away from her side, making his way to the Great Hall. Once inside, he quickly found his mother, sitting with Fishlegs, Ruff, and Tuff. While Valka had been back on Berk for a few years now, she still held her head down and avoided eye contact with most of the village, feeling like an outsider due to her time away. Hiccup wished she could forgive herself. He had.

Valka saw Hiccup approaching the table first. "Hiccup, we haven't seen ye all day, son. How is Astrid?" Fishlegs and the twins looked up sympathetically at their friend.

"She woke up, this morning. Shortly after you left, mom." Hiccup replied. "She seemed to still be in a lot of pain, but you know Astrid, she'd never admit it out loud." Seeing Valka's surprised expression, he quickly added, "I would have come to get youâ€¦ I planned to, anyway, but we kind of, fell asleep." Hiccup rubbed some of the remaining sleep out of his eyes nearly on cue, as proof that he had just woken up himself.

"Sleep, is that what they call it these days?" Tuff joked, pulling his face into a wide and mischievous smile. Ruff punched him across the jaw and shook her head at her brother.

"Not that it's anybody's business but mine and my wife's," Hiccup began, a look of exasperated annoyance at the twins constant antics and inappropriate comments, "But people with broken ribs are typically discouraged from doing much other than actually sleep." Hiccup's fists began to clench, he was feeling particularly protective of Astrid, more than usual. He couldn't quite place his feelings. He'd always been protective of Astrid of course, as any loving husband would, but this feeling was stronger, more intense.

"Calm down, son." Valka took her son's clenched fist and began to try to relax his hand. "No one means any harm." She shot a sharp look at Ruff which made him wince. "Why don't ye sit 'ere with us and have a bite to eat. It'll do ye good to get something in yer stomach. Ye've barely eaten sinceâ€¦" her voice trailed off as she attempted to hand Hiccup a plate with a roasted chicken leg.

Hiccup put his hand up in refusal. "First thing is first." He set his jaw and squared his shoulders as he walked to the front of the hall. Everyone saw him preparing to speak and quieted down out of respect for their young chief.

Hiccup nodded at the villagers as acknowledgement. "Gangâ€¦ er, I mean, Berkians, I just wanted to let you know that Astrid woke up this morning, briefly." Several Vikings clapped and many let out audible sighs of relief. "She's resting now, but I'll keep everyone posted. Thank you everyoneâ€¦ for everything." He nodded again at everyone and waved his hand, to signal everyone could move on with their meal. As he walked back to take his plate from Valka, he was stopped by many villagers with their choruses of well-wishes. He graciously accepted as he made his way back to his mother.

Valka gave him a knowing look. "Now will ye eat? I think everyone

else is sufficiently taken care of. Now its yer turn, chief." She winked at Hiccup. She had begun to refer to him as Chief whenever she felt that Hiccup was taking his chiefly duties far too seriouslyâ€¦ in her opinion, anyway.

Hiccup didn't speak, he simply took the plate from her hand and nodded thankfully. He sat down beside her and ate quickly, wanting to get back to Astrid.

"Whoa, where's the fire?" Ruff had retorted, noticing Hiccup's rushed eating.

"It's probably because you smell, I can't stand it either!" Ruff teased back at his sister, referencing the smell of fish oil she rubbed in her hair every day. The twins continued their sibling banter, but Hiccup couldn't pull himself out of his own thoughts to pay them any attention.

His mind kept flashing back to the scene of the accident. Toothless had sensed something was wrong. Hiccup had learned to trust in his friend's instincts and had let the dragon abruptly tear him away from the task he had been working on. Toothless flew as quickly as he could, but even the Night Fury's superior speed couldn't get them there in time to help. They arrived just in time for Hiccup to see Astrid, falling straight out of the sky, only feet from the ground. The last few seconds of her fall seemed to last hours to him. His heart stopped beating as his breath caught in his throat. A rush of emotions nearly paralyzed him as he thought he was watching his wife's death unfold in front of his eyes. When Stormfly thrust her body on the ground beneath where Astrid was falling, catching her at the last second, the intense rush of relief through his body made his legs go weak and he nearly lost consciousness himself. If it hadn't been for Toothless, he would have collapsed on the ground. Instead, he clung to Toothless tightly, before they rushed over to her side to check on her. Poor Stormfly had taken a good brunt of the fall herself. Hiccup made sure to thank the Deadly Nadder and made sure that she was cared for like the hero that she was.

Watching the kids scramble as well to try to save her was a shocking blow. Poor Inge had come the closest, but he let himself get too close to the ground before deploying his flight suit, crushing his foot. Hiccup winced at the flashback. Astrid would never forgive herself. He would never forgive himself. He also made a mental note to work on dragon rescue maneuvers with the kids. They liked to keep their dragon skills sharp just in case.

Hiccup quickly finished and excused himself back home. Valka and Fishlegs nodded in understanding, the twins still deeply involved in their argument. He rushed back home and found Astrid asleep, but noted that the flask he left for her seemed a little less full. _Just great_, thought Hiccup_, I hate that she woke up alone. _

Alone wasn't entirely accurate. Toothless had settled in for the night and was sleeping peacefully on his heated rock. Hiccup walked by him and affectionately rubbed his friend's head. He knew he was probably feeling a little neglected lately, but he seemed to understand. He made another mental note to make it up to him once Astrid was feeling better.

He readied himself for bed and stealthily slipped beneath the covers,

alongside an already sleeping Astrid. She was on her side, facing away from him. He wrapped his arms around her from behind. She stirred just enough to snuggle back against him. _Oh great._ Hiccup thought, as he could feel himself becoming aroused by her wiggling bottom, _now is not the best time for this_. He chastised himself for being so easily turned on by her, even as she lay hurting and sick.

Astrid must have felt his arousal, because she wearily opened her eyes and turned her head to look at him. He shrugged and hugged her tight, to let her know it was alright. She grabbed his hand and brought it to her breast. He squeezed out of instinct, causing Astrid to catch her breath. He tried to pull his hand away, not wanting to hurt her.

"Don't worry about me, Hiccup." Astrid said softly. "I want this too. Justâ€¦ be careful, and it will be ok."

Hiccup brought his hand back up, gently cupping her breast again. He buried his head in gentle slope of her neck, pulling her hair off her shoulder with his chin, stubble scraping erotically against her skin. He nibbled softly and whispered in her ear, "Are you sure? I don't want toâ€¦"

"Yes, Hiccup, I'm sure." She answered before he could finish. "I promise, I'll let you know if you are hurting me, just be gentle."

It had been nearly a month since he could touch his wife so intimately. Hiccup didn't know if he could trust himself to be gentle. The yearning of his sex was intensifying. He was hard and throbbing at the prospect, and he couldn't deny it. She rubbed up against him with her bottom, the only thing separating him from her was her thin nightdress. She began to moan feeling his arousal pressed against her. She was still in a lot of pain, but at this moment, she needed him more.

Hiccup began rubbing his hands up and down her body while still hugging her tight from behind. He caressed her breasts, fingers deftly working their magic on her nipples. His hands reached down between her legs, causing her nightdress to creep smoothly up her thighs. Their breath was becoming heavier, quicker. He continued to kiss her on her neck, and the sensations he was sending through her body was making Astrid quiver with need. He reached down to her sex and rubbed between her legs, feeling her wet and ready. His sliding, expert fingers caused her to moan out his name. He didn't think he could hold back much longer. He raised himself up on his elbow and knees as she turned on to her back to face him. His lips reached down to lock with hers in a deep and passionate kiss. _My Astrid_. Hiccup thought, deepening his kiss. The feeling that he almost lost her kept creeping into his mind as his kiss deepened. Astrid pulled her nightdress up, and Hiccup helped her to pull it up the rest of the way, revealing her beautiful and perfectly shaped body to him. He ran his hands up and down her body, as careful as he could be of her broken ribs and bruises.

"Hiccup!" Astrid sighed, eyes closed and back arching up to his touch, "I can't wait anymore, pleaseâ€¦"

"Don't worry, milady," Hiccup whispered huskily as he readied himself

to satisfy her, positioning himself between her legs, drawing her knees up on either side of him. "I'll take care of you. Always." He entered her gently and her body writhed up in response as the feel of him filled and stretched her. He began his rhythm slow and romantic, giving her tender, romantic kisses, to avoid hurting her. Astrid gripped at his hips, digging her fingertips into his bottom as though to try to intensify his thrusts. Hiccup obliged and adjusted to her rhythm. He looked at her for assurance that she wasn't hurting but Astrid only nodded, rocking back and forth with him. He continued to kiss her neck, one arm bracing himself on the bed beside her, the other outstretched in front of him, resting on the headboard. Her arms were up behind her, also holding onto the headboard, giving him an amazing view of her body. He felt like he was about to burst when he heard her reach her own climax. Together they collapsed in ecstasy, Hiccup careful of her bruised ribs. He pulled his wife in close and together they drifted back to sleep.

My Astrid. Mine! Were Hiccup's last thoughts before falling into a deep and satisfied sleep.

3. Chapter 3: To Honor and Obey

****A/N:** This was a really difficult chapter for me to write. I'm enjoying the challenge, but I don't like seeing Hiccup like this. Now I need to finish it just so I can fix him. Whose brilliant idea was this anyway, to cross with 50 shades? Oh yeah.. that was me.
-cringes-******

Chapter 3: To Honor and Obey

Valka and Gothi stood shocked in the Haddock household. Valka was coming to let Hiccup go for his morning ride and keep watch over Astrid, and Gothi had tagged along this morning to see what could be done to help since she was no longer unconscious. Normally Hiccup was up and waiting for her, either outside or sitting by the hearth. When he hadn't been there, they crept their way quietly up the stairs, puzzled at where Hiccup may be. She half expected to maybe find him asleep. She imagined since Astrid had finally woken up, he could probably sleep a little deeper.

What they found shocked Valka. Gothi's initial surprise was only fleeting, when it passed she had only smiled a knowing smile and slowly backed out of the Haddock bedroom. Valka, on the other hand, was having a hard time wrapping her head around what she was seeing.

She knew of course that Hiccup and Astrid were married, and of course, married couples doâ€¦ that. But so soon after Astrid had woken up from a month long coma? Could Hiccup not wait a few more days? She glanced at the bed one last time, seeing Astrid and Hiccup laying naked together, limbs in a tangled knot and the couple bearing the afterglow of orgasm as they slumbered. She backed outside the bedroom door and closed it softly, before knocking as though nothing had happened.

"Whâ€¦ whatâ€¦ whoâ€¦ who is it?" She heard Hiccup waking.

"It's me, son" Valka replied, a smile beginning to twitch to her lips in spite of herself.

"Mom? Hold.. Hold on.. just.. just a second."

She heard lots of rustling and noises as Hiccup made himself decent. After a few long minutes, Hiccup came to the bedroom door and opened it.

"Just coming in to fulfill my morning shift with Astrid, I was surprised when you weren't downstairsâ€|" Her voice trailed off.

Hiccup looked at her nervously and back to Astrid. He hadn't let her in yet. He rubbed the back of his neck nervously, looking at the ground. "Yeah, I must have overslept a little today."

"Hiccup?" a third voice startled both Valka and Hiccup. Valka watched as Hiccup rushed protectively to his young bride. She hesitantly walked in, but was relieved to find that Hiccup had managed to put Astrid's nightdress on and covered her with their blanket while she had been waiting.

Hiccup was soothing Astrid's hair as she coughed and clutched at her ribs in pain. She could just make out what he was saying to her.

"I knew it, Astrid, it was too much last night. I hurt you."

She brought her hand up to Hiccup's face. "Please don't worry, Hiccup. I'm not feeling any worse than I would have otherwise."

Valka was a bit taken aback at the tenderness they showed to one another. She began to feel a bit uncomfortable at witnessing such a private moment, but her heart leapt with pride to see how well her son took care of his wife.

Toothless jumped on the rooftop above, reminding everyone why Valka was there. Astrid and Hiccup exchanged a knowing glance. "I'll be back, very soon." Hiccup promised to his wife. "My mom has been sitting with you during my morning ride." He looked back to Valka and Astrid nodded at her.

The next few weeks went by uneventfully. Astrid slowly began to feel better and better. Hiccup began being able go back to most of his chiefly duties. Everything seemed to be going back to normal, until the day Astrid announced she was ready to resume her classes at the academy.

At first Hiccup had just stalled her, insisting she take as much time as she needed to heal. At first Astrid humored his request, but soon she couldn't stand just sitting around the house anymore. Deciding she didn't need Hiccup's permission, she ventured out toward the dragon academy one morning. She wasn't there very long when Hiccup found her. He had been there going over some plans with Snotlout when the sight of her took him by surprise.

"Astrid! What are youâ€|" He began, putting an abrupt end to his and Snotlout's conversation. Snotlout looked at Hiccup, slightly taken aback from his reaction.

"Its ok, Hiccupâ€| I'm really feeling much better, and staying home

doing nothing is driving me crazy." Astrid replied casually, not noting Hiccup's clenched fist.

Hiccup wasn't sure why he was so upset. When she was home, at least he knew she was safe, but out here was a different story. "Astrid, I told you to stay home, and I meant it." His voice was stern, no one was used to seeing him act so demanding.

Astrid looked to him, startled, and could feel her own blood start to boil. "What, you think you are the boss of me or something?" She snarled back at him.

"Why as a matter of fact," Hiccup began, his eyes darkening, "I think I am, _Mrs_. Haddock." He emphasized the Mrs. It was the first time Astrid was taken aback by her marital status. "Can I speak to youâ€|_alone_?" His eyes dashed to Snotlout, who immediately threw his hands up in surrender.

"Whatever you say chief! I'm outta here! Let's do some laps, guys!" He motioned for his class to follow him on his monstrous nightmare.

There were still some straggling villagers milling around the area, but Hiccup spotted one of the stalls was empty. He grabbed Astrid by the arm and quickly led her inside, one of the lamps already lit inside. He quickly closed the door.

"Now do you mind telling me what all this is about?" Astrid crossed her arms and prepared to hear Hiccup's explanation, and likely apology. "Since when do you go around â€|"

Hiccup cut her off before she could finish her sentence. "You are my wife!" he snapped. "Andâ€| and I'm your chief as well, if you haven't forgotten!" There was a darkness in Hiccup's eyes that Astrid had never seen before, and for the first time in her life, she began to feel scared of her husband. Being the stubborn Viking that she is, she tried to bury that feeling deep inside.

"Hiccup, you can't be serious?" She shook her head. "If you are finished with your temper tantrum, I'm going to go get back to work." She hardened herself with her words, hoping Hiccup would take the hint and let it go.

Before she could take a single step, Hiccup pushed her up against the stone wall, his hands on both of her shoulders. "I'm warning you Astrid." His eyes darkened. This was not the Hiccup that Astrid married.

"That's enough, Hiccup!" She started to struggle to get out of his hold, but she couldn't move. He had her pinned.

Hiccup bent his head down and kissed Astrid. Hard. She didn't know how to react. Normally any time he kissed her like this, her body would immediately submit to him, but this was different. "Astrid." He said gruffly while kissing her. "Just listen to me, I can't take the chance of losing you." He pinned her hips against the stone wall with his, freeing one of his hands to tug impatiently at her shirt, the hardness of his arousal beginning to stir a mix of emotions within her. _Was that was this was all about_? She wondered to herself.

The desperation of his need overtook her. She was still furious with him, but he had successfully pulled her shirt over her head and undid her breast wrappings, leaving her naked from the waist up. Feeling him taking complete control over her, Astrid felt her body beginning to give her away. Before she knew what she was doing, she found her own hands sliding over Hiccup's chest, returning his deep and passionate kisses. He slid his hands up her skirt, cupping her bottom and squeezing. He lifted her up against the wall and pressed himself into her. She quickly undid the laces on his pants and he grunted as his arousal sprung free.

Without preamble, he slammed inside her. Again, and again. She forgot where they were, she cried out with a mix of pleasure and anger.

"Youâ€¦ areâ€¦ mine" Hiccup's voice was low, gruff. "Say it, Astrid!" He thrust into her so hard she thought she would burst right then. She hesitated from responding to his request and so he repeated, "Mine!" He breathed, "Say it!"

She moaned out, finally submitting to Hiccup in ways she never knew possible, "Yours, Hiccup! I'm yours!" she gasped. She felt her world crash down around her as she climaxed at the word, feeling Hiccup finish as well. They slid down the wall until they were sitting on the ground, a mess of wet and torn clothes, panting.

After a few moments had passed, Hiccup stood and helped Astrid on with her rumpled clothes. "Now go home." He said coolly, before turning to resume his duties, leaving Astrid dazed and confused, unable to protest.

What had happened to Hiccup, Astrid thought. _And how can I get him back?_

4. Chapter 4: Home

****a/n:** I probably could have stretched this out a little longer, but I decided I hate this concept and just want to make Hiccup better again- so, here we go! This story is done... and I am going back to writing fluff! Let me know what you think? Was it ok to take his character into a dark place? ******

Chapter 4: Home

Astrid was alone. It was dark. She refused to light any of the candles or lanterns in the Haddock household tonight. She didn't know where Hiccup was, or why he wasn't back yet. But right now, she really didn't care. She hoped no one would come to see her right now.

She was trying so hard to understand, to wrap her head around the events of earlier in the day. What had happened to Hiccup? She was reaching into the depths of her soul to try to come up with an answer, a solution. He had always been her sweet, intelligent, patient, and kind Hiccup. Even after her accident, he was nothing but gentle. They'd had disagreements before, that is nothing new. Why had he snapped at her like he did, and why did heâ€¦

Astrid stopped her thought and shivered. The image of Hiccup

overpowering her at the academy, slamming her against the stone walls of one of the dragon stalls, and taking her like he did sent a mix of emotions through her. Anger, for one_. And another emotion she couldn't quite put her finger on_. She bit her lip as she tried to fight back more tears. When she was younger, she was so sure of herself. She didn't need a man in her life to protect her, or tell her what to do. _But that is why you fell in love with Hiccup, _her subconscious reminded her, _because he never told you what to do, and never felt the need to protect you_. So what had changed?

Something he had said while he was overpowering her kept racing through her mind. "I can't take the chance of losing you again." He had told her everything about that day, how he was there just in time to see her falling, but was too far away to save her. He told her how he thought he was watching her death. While she was fine and most of her wounds had healed, maybe Hiccup suffered on a different level than everyone realized.

She winced as she accidentally brushed her arm, still tender from where Hiccup had grabbed her. The memory made her eyes tear up again. She can't let him treat her that way, especially in front of others. She decided she needed to get away for a while. At some point, Hiccup would be home, and she wasn't sure if she was ready to face him yet. She took a few deep breaths to gather all the courage she could. She packed a small bag of provisions and headed out the back door so as not to risk bringing any attention to herself. She called for Stormfly and in an instant they were gone. Astrid didn't know how long she would be gone, but she needed to be able to think.

* * *

><p>Hiccup had walked away from Astrid after their encounter with tears stinging his eyes. He fought it back of course so no one would see. He didn't know what caused him to snap like that. He'd never barked orders at anyone before, much less Astrid. It was actually almost laughable when he really thought about it. If his 15 year old self even so much as thought about trying to tell Astrid what to do, then he knew he could expect a swift act of violence in retaliation from the blonde warrior.<p>

But Hiccup wasn't laughing.

He spent the rest of his day getting by on the bare minimum. He had a hard time focusing on any of his duties, he just kept thinking about Astrid. He had watched her slowly make her way home, and he had been keeping an eye on the house all day. He figured she must have gone to sleep. He kept his distance the rest of the day because he suddenly didn't trust himself. He didn't know what overtook him when he saw her at the Dragon Academy after he'd asked her to stay home today. He was worried about something happening to her, and then _he_ happened to her. When he had first kissed her in the stall, he was attempting to make things right, but he was so out of control of his emotions, that it turned into something dark. He didn't ever want that to happen again.

Finally, when most of the people of Berk were asleep and he had fiddled around with various projects in the Forge until his mind and hands were exhausted, he decided it was time to face the music. He wasn't sure what he was going to say to Astrid, or how she would react, but he couldn't avoid her forever.

He had walked purposefully home. He had stood in front of the door and taken a deep breath. He squared his shoulders and reached for the door. _If she does yell, scream, hit, or otherwise maim me, then I'll deserve it,_ he thought. He turned the doorknob and walked in, finding the house completely dark. He quietly walked up the stairs, in case she was asleep, but was surprised to find she wasn't there. Hiccup started to panic. He searched upstairs and down. He went outside and called for Stormfly, but she didn't come. He ran back into the house to look for any hints, and his heart nearly stopped beating when he noticed that there were several things missing. The flask he had made her, some of their preserved fish, a few loafs of bread, gone. _What have I done?_ Hiccup thought to himself in dismay. He was trying so hard to keep her safe, he had pushed her away. He had to find her to make this right.

He could feel his chest tightening in anger as well, and he didn't know where that emotion was coming from. He banged his fists against the wood table to let out his frustration. He didn't know who he was more upset with; Astrid, or himself. He was just starting to bring his arms up to take another downward swing at the table when a soft knock at the door and his mother's voice stopped him.

"Hiccup?" Valka inquired, "are ye in there, son?" She opened the door enough to see him, and began to walk in.

Feeling suddenly ashamed of his behavior, Hiccup swung around awkwardly to try to hide the fact that he had been getting ready to pick a fight with his table. He ended up swinging his arms behind him awkwardly and shoveling his feet, looking at the ground. "Er, hey there, mom. Nothing going on hereâ€¦ just a regular night ofâ€¦" He could see that Valka wasn't buying it and finishedâ€¦ "table fighting." He let out a sigh.

"I'm sorry to barge in here on ye, son. But I saw Astrid flying off earlier on Stormfly, and noticed she hasn't been back. I thought I'd come see if everything is ok?"

With his mother's worried look, Hiccup confessed everything to her, leaving out the gory details, of course. They sat side by side around the hearth that the room encircled, both quiet for several minutes.

Finally, Valka spoke. "Ye know, Hiccup, I was married to a Chief once, too." She looked at him sideways to gauge his reaction to the hint of sarcasm in her voice. "I know what it's like to have to balance yer own life to that of yer husband's. And yer father, weel, he had his fair share of slip ups like this too."

Hiccup looked at her, eyes wide with curiosity. His mother rarely talked about her life married to Stoick, only bringing up his name to tell him how proud he would be. "Oh really, I don't find that all together surprising." Hiccup let out a snort, "Delicacy and sensitivity weren't exactly something he excelled at. He was used to people following his orders without much question."

"Aye, that he was, Hiccup." Valka said in almost a dreamlike state. "And I tell ye, he tried to bark orders at me, too."

"What happened?" He asked, while thinking of Astrid.

"Weel, when he wouldn't let up, barking about his orders, I told him I would leave. And Hiccup, eventually, I did."

This revelation shook Hiccup to his core. His mother didn't like to talk too much about the past, and usually only gave watered down answers as her reasoning for staying away for 20 years, but this one revealed that maybe she wasn't happy with his dad.

It was during this revelation that Hiccup then felt himself turn ice cold. Astrid! What if she never came back?

Valka could see that Hiccup had taken her hint. The look on his face made her almost wish he hadn't. She placed her arm on her son. "Hiccup, ye can still fix this. Ye know that Astrid is a strong and very capable Viking. She doesn't need ye to protect her, and ye know that."

"Yes, I do." Hiccup admitted, looking down. "But mom, when I almost lost her, I thoughtâ€¦ I thought I had failed her. I was not vigilant enough, not protective enough, notâ€¦ Viking enough. And nowâ€¦" his voice trailed off and a flood of emotions gripped at his soul. He could barely speak the rest of his sentence. "and nowâ€¦ I don't know how to make it right, the way I treated her."

"Son, I've seen ye with Astrid. I mean, really seen you. I've watched you hold her tenderly, I've watched you joke with her," She paused to let out a short laugh, "I've even seen a few things I wished I hadn'tâ€¦" Valka blushed remembering the time she had seen them a tangle of naked arms and legs, and Hiccup blushed when he realized what she must be suggesting. "Ye love Astrid, and love will always find a way." She winked knowingly at her son.

"Mom, just tell me, what should I do?" He looked up at her face and noticed she was looking towards the door. "â€¦ and what are you looking at?" She smiled knowingly and nodded her head at the doorway to make Hiccup shift his gaze. Astrid. "H-H-How long have you been there?"

Astrid smiled, but crossed her arms. "Long enough to know that apparently your mom has seen things she didn't want to see."

Valka quickly made her leave, patting Hiccup on the shoulder with a wink, and hugging her daughter in law on the way out. "Be brave, be strong, but most of all, be understanding." She had whispered as her final words of advice.

When Valka was gone, it was just Astrid and Hiccup. Astrid closed the door behind her, but they remained on opposite sides of the house.

Hiccup's gaze remained on the floor, guilty. He didn't know what to say. Astrid stood, leaning against the doorway, arms folded. Neither talked for what felt like an eternity.

Hiccup finally gathered his courage to speak. "Astrid." He said, still not looking at her. His voice wavered when he spoke her name. "You left me."

His words threw a thick blanket of emotion over the room. Astrid

could feel his despair. "I only left for a few hours, to clear my headâ€¦"

"No." Hiccup interrupted. "Not just now." Astrid looked at him, startled.

"wh..what do you mean?" her arms were starting to unfold and her face was softening.

"After you fell, you were unconscious. You were gone, Astrid." He sighed, pulling up all the courage he could muster. "I know it wasn't your fault, you didn't choose to be unconscious." He continued. "But, for a month, I had to live without you. I can't do it again, and I was justâ€¦"

Astrid cut him off this time. "Oh Hiccup." She said, shaking her head. "Do you want me to change? Do you want me to be a boring house maiden that just stays home all day, baking bread for you?"

The question was more rhetorical and Hiccup knew that. He looked up at Astrid for the first time since she came into the house. "I would be lying if I told you that wouldn't make things a little easier." He sighed again, looking back down to his spot on the floor, shaking his head. "But no, Astrid. I love you because of your Viking spirit. And today, I tried to break that spirit." Hiccup choked on his words, trying hard to keep it in. "I... I don't know what came over me. I was angry, scared, and maybe a littleâ€¦ heartbroken."

"Heartbroken?" Astrid replied, startled, "Why?"

"Because, Astrid, I felt like you didn't respect how I was feeling, about you staying home. I thought you would understand." He sat up and squared his shoulders, suddenly looking a little more determined, "But Astrid, that doesn't excuse how I treated you." He was gritting his teeth, fists beginning to tighten. "I'm so angry with myself, Astrid. When I took you into that stall, I didn't know what I was feeling, or how to react to it. I never meant to hurt you."

Astrid slowly began walking towards Hiccup, bridging the gap between their hearts. Hiccup looked up at her, fists relaxing, jaw unclenching. She knelt in front of him and sat back her heels, resting her hands on his knees, and looking up into his downward facing eyes. "I love you." She simply stated. She reached up and kissed him, bringing her hands up to cup his face. She pulled away and looked at him, eyes hardening, "But Hiccup Horrendous Haddock, if you EVER try to pull a stunt like that with me again, you will be wishing that your left leg was ALL you were missing!" She punched him in the chest as a warning.

Hiccup chuckled. "Noted." He responded, rubbing his chest tenderly, with a mock look of pain on his face. "I'm sorry."

And with that, the two embraced, their aching souls finally finding their way back home.

Astrid pulled playfully away from Hiccup. "You know, Hiccupâ€¦" She started, looking up at him with a mischievous smirk, "I wouldn't mind a little more of that chief talk, you knowâ€¦ in the bedroom." She could feel a building desire swirling in the pit of her stomach as

she remembered what it felt like to completely submit to her husband, even if briefly.

Hiccup looked at her shocked. "Are you serious?"

"I don't know, as angry as I was at you, it was actually kind of a turn on, watching you take control." Astrid bit her lip seductively.

"Well if that's all it takes!" And with that, the two practically ran up the stairs to their bedroom, to explore a new world that they'd never known existed.

5. BONUS

****A/N:** So, I thought this story was done, but I decided it could use a little, bonus scene, per say. Warning- PURE SMUT- read at own risk.

BONUS SCENE:

Astrid waited in the bedroom. It was completely dark. She giggled to herself as she imaged what she would look like if someone else were to come in and find her first. Thankfully, Hiccup should be home any minute now.

She adjusted the rope that was wrapped around her wrists. Once she heard Hiccup walk in the door, she would quickly throw her wrists back to the post of the headboard, so that the other loop of the rope would catch around it. She was completely naked, sitting up on their bed with her back against the headboard, legs outstretched in front of her.

Maybe I'll get myself started, thought Astrid. She adjusted herself down on the bed, laying back with her head on the pillow. She bent up her knees and brought her joined wrists down, rope dangling. She enjoyed the feel of the rough rope as she tickled it up her body, letting the open loop of the knot graze her hot skin. She was enjoying herself so much that she didn't even hear Hiccup open the front door and walk up the stairs.

What Hiccup saw when he opened the door stopped him in his tracks, he held a candle in his hands to make his way into the room. He had assumed Astrid had gone to sleep, but instead he saw her outstretched on their bed, wrists tied, and smiling to herself in satisfaction as she rubbed herself in her most private of areas. Hiccup felt his breath quicken and immediately felt his arousal tight against his leather riding pants.

He set the candle on the bureau and quickly and quietly began stripping off his riding gear. Completely naked and not able to tear his eyes off Astrid for a second, he quietly made his way to the bed. Before Astrid even knew he was there, she felt his breath on her neck. Her eyes snapped open to see Hiccup, standing next to their bed and bending over her.

"I see you got started without me, what a bad, bad girl you are being." Hiccup whispered into Astrid's ear. "Please, let me." His voice was gruff, commanding. Astrid smiled and offered up her bound

wrists, and he expertly grabbed the rope and slipped the open end over the bedpost himself, leaving her completely submissive to him. He climbed on top of her and dipped his head down to kiss her, deeply. She had no choice but to let him do as he pleased. She spread her legs so he could rest his knees between them, and Hiccup took the opening to rub his hands down her body, finding her between her legs; hot, wet, and ready for him. He rubbed her most sensitive areas with his deft and nimble fingers, causing Astrid to cry out in ecstasy. Her back arched and she pulled against the rope holding her hands bound together for leverage as Hiccup caused fireworks deep in her belly. As he pleased her with his fingers, his hot breath left a trail of kisses down her neck, igniting her senses to his every touch.

"Oh my Astrid," Hiccup breathed against her now tender neck. "You are full of surprises." She smirked to herself. She was glad after years together, they could still drive each other crazy. "Now let me return the favor." He said with a smile. He kissed his way down her body, stopping at each breasts to give them proper attention, down to her navel, nipping at her hip bone, before settling between her legs. The stubble on his chin rubbing in all the right places, tongue working as expertly as his fingers.

Astrid moaned with delight. "Please, Hiccup!" She moaned, "I can't take it anymore!"

"Say it, Astrid." Hiccup replied coolly, even though his throbbing arousal told him he couldn't take it any longer either.

Without hesitation, Astrid moaned out, "Hiccup, my husband, my chief, take me! I am yours!"

Hiccup smiled slyly at her. "Mine?" he said, coming back up to meet her for a kiss.

"Yes Hiccup! I'm yours!" Astrid squirmed as she could feel Hiccup's hardness rubbing against the inside of her thigh, completely powerless. "And Hiccup?"

Hiccup looked up at her, kissing her in answer, "yes, m'lady?" He said, smiling against her lips.

"Your mine! My Hiccup!"

"I am yours, my Astrid!"

And with that, Hiccup slid inside Astrid, hitting her in all the right spots, expertly bringing her to orgasm, following the rhythm he had come to learn after years of practicing the art of pleasuring her. They fell together in orgasm, exhausted yet ridiculously happy.

As they lay in the afterglow and Hiccup had helped Astrid remove the ropes from her wrists, Hiccup smiled at her suddenly. "What would you have done if someone else had come looking for you? What if my mom had found youâ€¦ like that?"

Astrid smiled. "I guess that would be the last time anyone would come looking for us without knocking first." Sending them both into a fit of silly giggles.

End
file.